

After the Lecture

And even a greater phoney
because with each question,
nothing comes to me,so
I make up an answer

from nerves. Invent it
and in the process am amazed

it sounds plausible
the least bit,
then run with it.

This is creation,yes?--
a kind of spirit.

Are we where we are,whatever
intriguing spot because we're
lazy or clever,or scared? Does

God come round when we're dangerous
ly puffed?

Then or now?
deserving.

One Example of Lesbian Photography

Pussy black-wingspread through
sheer panties a
mong seriously unmade bed,

dresser with gummy glass
knobs in urin

ous light. "HERE! and look
widely suckahmale,'cause it

aint for you,no0way,not
even in your sICKEST dreams!"

Okay,but watch out for The Emperor of Ice Cream:
He'll get yuh,SASS-ASS,regardless of where,
or inandoutcloset manifestos of HAIR.

Yeah we're all of us t
RASHY too,relishing sex
shoved at the square world,playing
Doctor against Institutions
of Deceit,flaunting IT:

"What'yuh think, huh?
Huh? Moles of Sniveling?"

They think no more or less as when they dream
it's all about The Emperor of Ice Cream.

Landing Instructions

You've done all right.
Dodged crashing by
steadying flight.

The women you soar past
are all gnashingly divorced.

With parlors.

Girl to Boy,Sitting In Mall

"This is,like,WAITing." Goad
to do what others must. So?
aren't we above our drudging

parents,others as uncool?

Who're like people.

What I see

lingers
on the retinas

till leached
by blood and bone

becoming me as much

a lonely mystery
as love.

Vanishing Point

Terror sighs mid
grids ahead. Thinking
what you said.

LOUVRE

French Charlie on the VCR,
crowing 'bout's it Degas?

Anyhow, much repetitious shit
over vain space, rich

woman squeezing her contemporary tits
'gainst heros of antiquity. Hey,

Boyer, how 'bout me with Alexander,
his jiggling my Great Dick?

Sonofabitch!
Dots of piss
like fuckin gold!

To some

I continue to write love
poems where there's none,
not the passion craved
at any rate,

and when we're dead at last
famous, the biographers'll quote
them to affirm the lust

ful cyclone whirling us in Toto!
(or Kansas) Just wait

a fuckin minute! you'll
bellow out the grave.
In vain.

What difference? Even our friends kick
our fretful tales around

romance and fantasy, and, not
the least, wit and humanness
they know and more
they sense.

I love women more
in romantic ways, not the daily
grit. Like ascending
Spring, those gusts
of petals, ozone
out of fiercest dirt Frenchkissing
every cell.
But they only work out
in health clubs.

Advice to the Loveworn

Ever get tired of lying
and lying,
ever get sick of your cock
or your cunt,
ever get bored with buying
and buying,
ever want to suck yourself off?
Then train,SUCKUH,
Look yourself in the fuckin eye
for once.